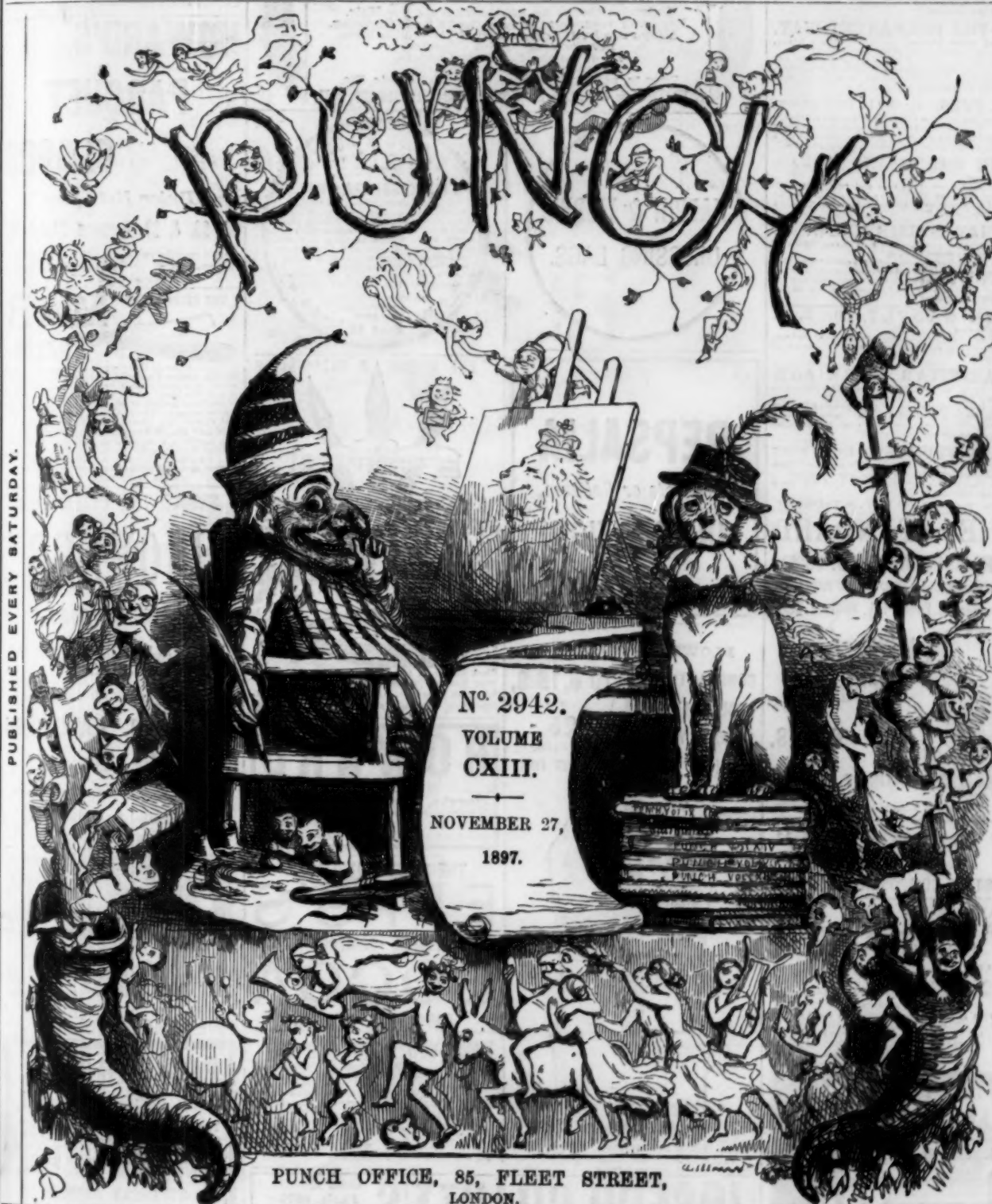


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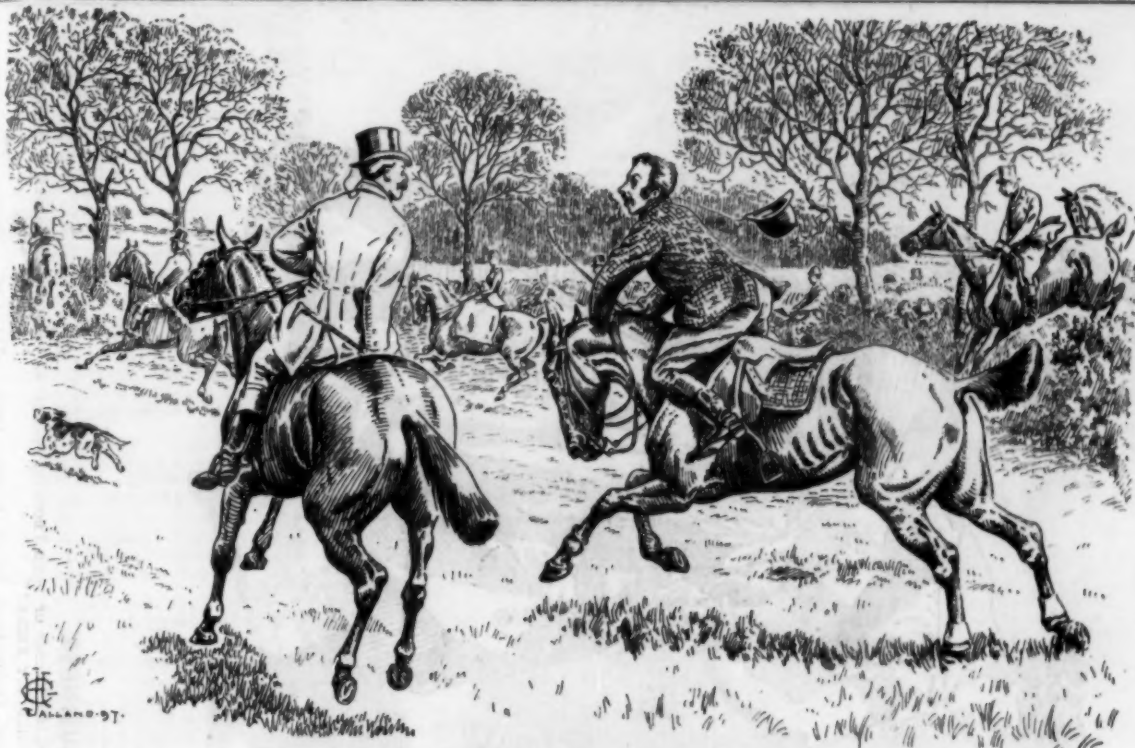
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### A SLIGHT DISPLACEMENT.

Gent (who narrowly escaped being jumped off at the last fence). "Hi, MISTER, CAN YOU SEE WHAT'S GONE WRONG WITH THIS CONFOUNDED SADDLE?"

### ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

*Budapest.*—The Hungarian begins the day in clouds of tobacco smoke. He hastens through the dangerous freshness of the outer air to a *café*, where the double doors and double windows, carefully closed, have preserved intact the cozy atmosphere of the previous evening. Here he obtains the national breakfast—one strong cigar, one glass of cold water, and one glass of coffee and cream. After breakfast he smokes another cigar, and two more glasses of cold water are placed before him. This second supply of water is not intended for serious drinking, but only for sipping, like a *liqueur*. He dines in clouds of tobacco, he sups in them also, still protected from the dangerous fresh air by double windows and double doors, he works, in his office or his bank, in the same snug atmosphere, if he travels he has double windows in the railway carriage, and he finishes the evening, probably in the *café* where he has breakfasted, with some more cigars and some more water, in a still more solid air. His complexion is usually sallow.

The Hungarian is intensely patriotic. He even smokes Hungarian tobacco. As evidence of his patriotism he is not compelled, as the German Bohemian seems to be, to make speeches twelve hours long in public, but if he gets hold of you in private, in a train or an hotel, he will make speeches quite sufficiently long to satisfy any reasonable stranger. He has a fine country, and everything in it, from gold to pepper. No one has ever seen his gold, because it is all paper. As for his pepper, it looks as if it were all red lead, but it turns out to be excellent. He has his own pepper, his *paprika*, which is quite unlike other people's, and he has his own language, which is more so. And he thrusts them both down your throat whether you like them or not. If you do not appreciate his pepper, or understand his language, you must go without. Probably he used them both a thousand years ago, and has used no other since.

In Italy, notices in public buildings are often translated into French, in Germany, frequently into English, though there are people who know Italian, and some even who understand German. But no stranger knows a single word of the Magyar language. The Hungarian does not care. If he is too proud to use German, he might try French, or even Latin, a language as respect-

able as his. Not he! He puts up notices which may mean "Entrance," "No admittance," "This way out," "Private," "Emergency Exit," "Push," "Pull," "Back in Half an Hour," or anything else, as far as the hapless stranger can tell. One must ask a bystander for a translation. Even on the steamers one would have to ask the man at the wheel to translate the notice which forbids one to speak to him.

It would be an advantage to understand some of the regulations in Pest. On the chief bridge over the Danube the foot-passengers in each direction keep to one side. Small policemen, armed with swords, and wearing bowler hats with long white feathers in them, stand at the entrances to keep order. I have no doubt that no one must turn back. If you once got on, having paid your *kreutzer*, and found you had forgotten your handkerchief or your umbrella, you must go all across the bridge to the other side and come back correctly.

If the language bore the faintest resemblance to any other, an enterprising tourist might learn a few words. In most countries the Englishman starts the day with a word the first letter of which is B—bath, bain, Bad, bagno, baño, and so forth. When you begin with a *fürdő*, and try to rub yourself with a huge, chilly, linen sheet, you feel that you are indeed in a strange land.

In some words, however, the language is so like others that you understand it perfectly. When you see "*A villa*," you feel quite at home. But the wily Magyar does not let you down so easily. It is only his fun. For a *villa* means "the fork." And when you see "*Beföttek*" in a bill of fare you know what that means. So would a Frenchman. It is of course the Hungarian spelling of *Biftek*. But the waiter brings you a small quantity of stewed fruit, a German *compot*, just as you are expecting the satisfying *filet*, and you find that the Magyar has done you again. You rub your eyes still more when you see on the paddle-box of a steamer the word "*Margit*." Can it be that this boat goes down the Danube, through the Dardanelles, and across the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay to the Kentish coast? Again the Magyar has deceived you. That is his rendering of the name "*Margaret*." So at last you become reconciled to "*Bécs*," which is the way he spells "Vienna."

ROBINSON THE ROVER.



## SENTIMENT V. BUSINESS.

*John Bull.* "Is it not strange, my dear Madam, that while *he*, who only takes 9,000,000 francs of your produce, should be your bosom friend, I, who buy *sixty* times as much, get nothing but abuse!"

[<sup>1</sup> Whereas Russia bought 9,769,000 francs' worth of produce from France for the first six months of 1897, England bought 590,000,000 francs' worth. —*The "Globe," November 17, quoting from the French Paper, "Le Soleil."*]

*Drawing of sentiment by John Tenniel.*

SPORTIVE SONGS.

*A Pedant, roused by the piteous appeal of a damsel worried by critics over a literary essay, writes to console her.*

SOME little cares, some little woes,  
Some fickle friends, some bitter foes,  
Some water from a Critic's hose,  
Is this the tale you tell, dear?  
The cares and woes may both be drowned  
Together with the friends unsound;  
The Critic—why, when you're renowned  
He'll long have dried his well, dear!

Think not, my sweet, that tongue or pen  
Can make or mar the aims of men;  
They only bar the course—and then  
They fall like chains disjointed.  
You'll notice that of "men" I speak,  
The ever striving, ever weak,  
But take advice from one who, meek,  
Is also disappointed!

Once was the day I longed for fame  
All prone to gain an honoured name,  
And light the world with such a flame  
As would mankind go blinking.  
I'd novels write that would excel  
Or READE's great style or BALZAC's spell;  
I soared aloft—and crushed I fell,  
And that set me a-thinking!

Thinking am I from day to day,  
The while my hair grows yet more grey,  
But yet my course I will not stay,  
No Critic yet could blind me.  
The Plough of Time may furrows make,  
But still good seed will good crops take,  
And on that soil it's mine to stake  
The all I leave behind me!

So, little girl (I call you so  
Because I knew you long ago,  
Before you ever had a foe),  
Be firm in aspiration.  
'Tis not the dog that eats the dog,  
'Tis not the fumbler in the fog,  
Nor e'en the roller of the log,  
Who'll make your reputation!

ST. JOHN'S WOOD HOUSE OF LORDS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—The new secretary of the Marylebone Cricket Club will certainly be a gentleman capable of scoring freely among his brother members, but I venture to suggest that he should also be a far-sighted individual, who recognises that the P. P., or Paying Public, at Lord's likes to witness some few incidents of the game when a gate-money match is on hand. Consule PERKINS, on such occasions, the backs of ladies' hats, of heads of both sexes, of carriages, and of special stands, have been the outlook of the humble pedestrian, not a member of the M. C. C. Without Röntgen rays the aspect of cricket has been invisible. In fact, in this respect, village commons always beat town Lord's. Let the new sec. be extra sec in keeping up the fizz of cricket.

Yours respectfully,  
THE WICKET UNCLE.  
Stumpington Lodge, Runnymede.

Philosophy of the Cross-ways.

*Friendly Child (to Crossing-sweeper).*  
What a bad cough you have. Why don't you go and see the doctor? I always have to.

*Crossing-sweeper.* No, thank you, master; I ain't got no holding with doctors. Why, they writes their perscriptions in Latin, but sends in their bill in English.



"WELL, AND ARE YOU GOING TO BE A SOLDIER WHEN YOU GROW UP, TOMMY?"  
"NO, AUNTIE. I WAS GOING TO BE A SOLDIER, BUT IT NEVER CAME OFF!"

URNS OF THE TIDE.

SCENE—*The Sanctum. Editor and Sub-editor discovered.*

*Sub-editor.* What shall we call the sea-side column, Sir? It's getting too cold for our Autumn heading, "Ocean in Harvest-time."

*Editor.* Which was far weaker than our earlier title, "Summer with the Waves."

*Sub.* Yes, Sir; that was right enough. I think its predecessor, "Neptune in Springtime," was pretty, and equally intelligible.

*Ed.* Shall we drop the column for the present?

*Sub.* Rather a pity, Sir, as we get a good deal of interesting matter from the North and the Thanet coast. Besides, it's

a becoming position for Hastings, South-end and Brighton.

*Ed.* Well, let me think. "Yule-tide Afloat." No; too suggestive of a voyage by a penny steamboat. Dear me! Let me consider! I have it! "Christmas by the Sea."

*Sub.* Capital, Sir! That will do to carry us on at any rate to January.

[Suggestion adopted.]

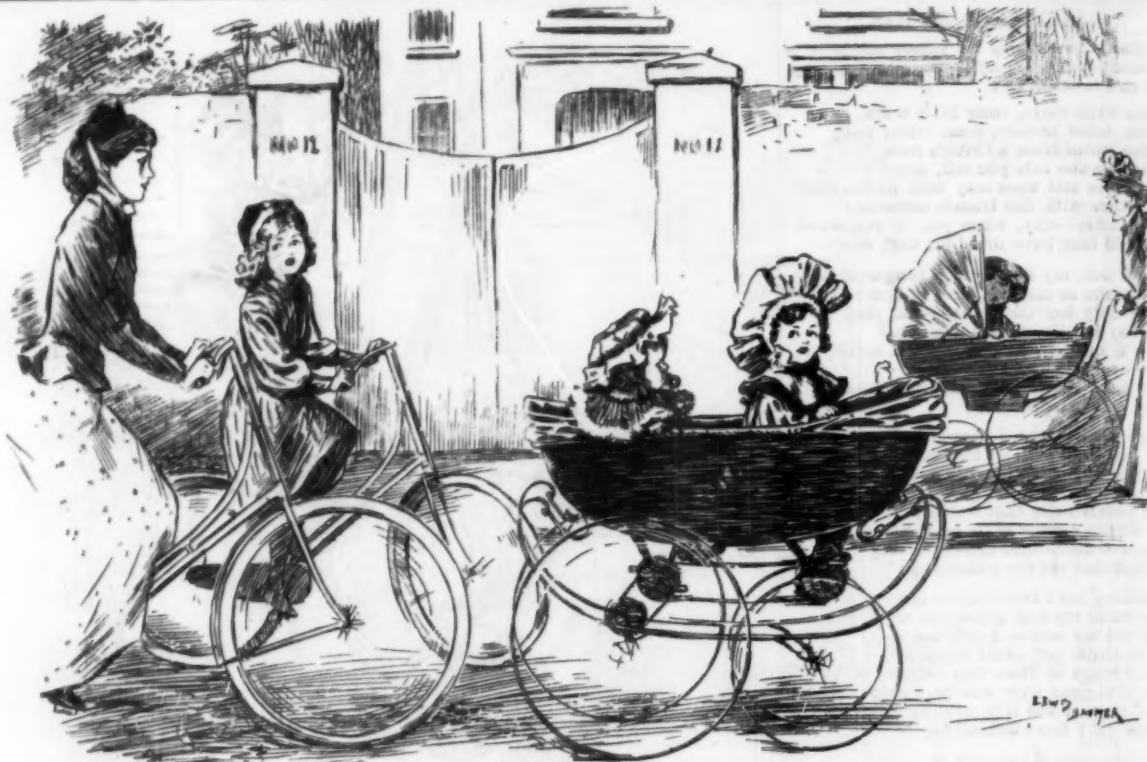
Nurseriana.

*Little Chris.* Oh! mamma, mamma, baby's moulted again.

*Mamma.* Moulted! What do you mean?

*Little Chris.* Why, he's just dropped another tooth!





A VISION OF THE FUTURE—PROPULSORY EDUCATION.

Little Girl. "NURSE, WILL YOU SPEAK TO BABY, PLEASE! HE'S NOT WORKING A BIT!"

## AMONG THE ROARING FORTIES;

Or, *The New Ménagerie of Letters.*

*Omar Khayyâm Club.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—There is a widespread feeling among Persian scholars that injustice has been done to Mr. LE GALLIENNE. I am not, for the moment, regarding him as the Expert in Under Linen, nor as the pensive Narcissus who collapsed before the apparition of his own beauty. Others, perhaps he himself, will vindicate his claims in these attractive rôles. It is as one of the ardent lovers of the great RUMAYAT that I speak. Long dissatisfied with the old-flavoured rendering of FITZGERALD, embarrassed as his genius was by a disturbing familiarity with the actual Persian language, we have waited patiently for a poet who would give us our Omar untainted by the emasculating ingredients of scholarship. Such a godsend we at length find in Mr. LE GALLIENNE. Not wholly free from bondage, for he has followed FITZGERALD's scheme of quatrains out of a fine deference for tradition, he can yet revel in that prancing license which is only given to the translator who is absolutely ignorant of his original. If his courage serve his as well as his innocence of tongues, we shall yet look for new and nobler renderings, of HORACE, say, or ANACREON, or ISAIAH, to which a knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew respectively contributes no distracting element.

Yours, &c., A MEMBER OF THE ABOVE.

P.S.—By the way, talking of HORACE, I disapprove the following version of *Carm. I., 38* (*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus*), given in the liberal manner of our friend:

Reader, I hate your dim pedantic Persian;  
I want no whiff of OMAR's rose divine;  
The essence squeezed from good FITZGERALD's version  
Contents this nose of mine.

The ancient Muse—I neither know nor need her;  
Your crib (and orbe are never near so hard)  
Shall amply serve the taste of you, my reader,  
And me, your bounding bard!

*House of Correction.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I will just settle the whole matter with a

stroke of the pen. From any *Ménagerie Littéraire* of mine I would exclude all those who write with the definite purpose of saying something. Style should be my only standard: abstract style unfettered by sense. Personally, as you well know, I write sense, and this would always be fatal to my assumption of the crown as advertised. Beginning, therefore, with myself (as if I were actually in the list), I eliminate all those in whose work the thing said is of more value than the manner of saying. All critics (even Mr. ARCHER) must go. This disposes of half the list. Away with all historians, away with most novelists (they are sadly purposeful, away with poets (those who mean something) and dramatists (who are never literary, though *Arma virumque* was a pretty thing), and away with men of science (I beg pardon, I see there are none in the list). RUSKIN is a prophet; GLADSTONE, I understand, is a politician; ARGYLL is a Peer. Remain—Mr. SWINBURNE, Mrs. MEYNELL, Mr. HENRY JAMES. I will let you have the supplementary thirty-seven some other day.

Yours, &c.,

G. B-RN-ND SH-W.

*The Moated Hermitage.*

DEAR SIR,—I suppose it is my own fault, but I only recognise two names out of the whole Forty. Perhaps I am behind the age. I don't really care for anything much later than ARISTOTLE; though I sometimes read my bit of *Paradise Lost* before turning in. Is MILTON much read just now?

Yours,

LAUDATOR, &c.

*Hawarden.*

DEAR SIR,—Confessedly not insensible to the interest attaching, or likely to attach, to the projected scheme of *The Schoolmaster at Home*, to a discussion of which you have generously exposed the pages of your discriminating journal, you will comprehend the reluctance which I entertain, in my present comparatively advanced stage of longevity, to allow myself to be insidiously inveigled into argumentative discussion upon any debatable topic or topics, whatever that topic or those topics may happen, in the wise and incontrovertible ordering of Providence, to be or not to be. This fact notwithstanding, and further, in defiance of the general consensus of medical authority, I am moved to convey to you my humble appreciation of that mature judgment—not

arrived at, I may well believe, without great and conceivably painful searching of the heart and reins—which has, with unerring instinct, consigned to my literary achievements, such as they are, have been, and, I must anticipate, are never likely to be again, a position within measurable distance of the very summit or acme of distinction.

To this satisfaction I confess with the more lively candour, inasmuch as I have from time to time been the victim of a harassing apprehension, now shown to be causeless, that the overshadowing importance of the part played by me, over a more than ordinarily extended period of activity, in the service of the nation's parliaments, might obscure, by its more readily cognisable appeal to the popular fancy, those excursive operations in the field of literary labour—limited as they have been by the exigencies of a public career at no time relieved by a superfluous of leisure—in which I seem to discover my most abiding claim to the approval of posterity.

The argument may be advanced by my adversaries—for such a contention I do not shrink to prognosticate—that I have seldom, to borrow a phrase from the terminology of forestry, broken fresh ground in literature; that I have, in the main, but translated or conveyed from the more humane of ancient letters, if I have not actually marched through rapine and plunder to the attainment of my designs. To this contention I will reply in one word—for the hour presses, and the post-card, of a pliable consistency, on which I forward these observations, has already thrice over acquired the similitude of a palimpsest—that it is not only intelligible, but even capable of demonstration, that a sincere student of another's work may, by force of mental detachment and abstraction of self, so far merge his own individuality in that of the object of his veneration, as, in the evolution of time, to become positively absorbed in, and identified with, that object.

Conscious, in my own case, of the development of some such process, not materially differing in kind from the process of metempsychosis, the conviction has been resistlessly borne home upon me—and the warm place which I have secured, or, to speak precisely, the possession of which has been of late days emphatically confirmed, in the heart of the Greek Ethnos by my personal, and, as the issue proved, deplorable intervention in that crisis which resulted in such lamentably bellicose eventualities, has only tended to endorse this conviction—it has, I repeat, been irresistibly borne home to me, that I am the actual author of the so-called Homeric cycle of poems.

I might add, if it is not too obviously alien to the foregoing assertion—that, while I cannot altogether admit my approval of the inclusion, so close to my own name, of that of my political opponent and late supporter, the Duke of Argyll, it is not without gratification and an impregnably-rooted sense of the justice of this arrangement, that I remark to how relatively low a position the merits of humour, as exemplified in the persons of Messrs. W. S. GILBERT and "LEWIS CARROLL," have been relegated.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant, W. E. GL-DST-NE.

(Imperial Wire.)

Charivari London Unwarrantable error in last week's wire for mortal verse read immortal have beheaded delinquent operator pheasants plentiful William Potsdam.

#### A SEASONABLE ARTICLE.

(Contemplating Fulo-tide.)

EDWIN and ANGELINA lingered by the sunlit waves. He was wearing a suit of tweeds, and she a gown of muslin. Their costumes were those they had adopted in the height of summer.

"You are sure you are warmly clad?" he suggested.

"Too warmly. It was a mistake to bring this thin, diaphanous-looking cloak. I told you I would not want it."

"My darling, you cannot be too careful," the cousin *intime* continued. They listened to the songs of the birds and gazed at the trees as the new leaves showed themselves in buds upon the branches. She put up her *en-tout-cas* to ward off the fierce rays of the sun; he lay on the shore, throwing pebbles into the sea.

At length night came on, and the moon put in an appearance.

"I greeted you with the old, familiar wish."

"You did, dear, and I returned the compliment."

Then they entered their house, and began to discuss the cod, the beef, the turkey, the mince-meat, and last but not least the holly-decked plum-pudding. She arranged the summer ornament in the fireplace, and he opened the window.

And then once again in honour of the festival they wished themselves "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

[Yes, all very well, November 20, but by the time this appears we may be in the depths of an old-fashioned winter.—ED.]



#### COMPLIMENTARY.

Brown. "AH, SMITH, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MR. CAYLEY GOTT. I'M SURE YOU'VE READ HIS FAMOUS BOOKS!"

Smith. "N-N-NO, I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T HAD THE PLEASURE."

Brown. "OH, OF COURSE YOU HAVE, MY DEAR FELLOW, BUT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN—THAT'S IT!"

#### SOME QUERIES AND SURMISES.

(By a Man on the Penny 'Bus, on passing through Knightsbridge.)

WHY have the local authorities so carefully selected the middle of November in order to block the busiest part of this thoroughfare when there was all September in which to execute the repairs?

Are they laying down a chicken-run in the road opposite Sloane Street? It is nicely covered with a thin layer of gravel, and railed off, and only seems to be waiting for a few barn-door fowl or live-stock of some kind.

Or perhaps these bunkers indicate that the occupants of the Hyde Park Club are going to start a private golf-links in the middle of the street. We shall soon have lost the right of way over these solitudes.

Query, by Rule of Three, if two British workmen, pottering over the job for the usual number of hours a day, and consuming the regulation amount of beer, take more than three weeks in repairing the hundred yards section at Albert Gate, how long, more or less, will Piccadilly be "up," and how many citizens' tempers will be lost in the period?

Why don't they put on a night shift? Is it because they are afraid of disturbing the sleep of the rude forefathers (or the present fathers) of the hamlet of Knightsbridge?

What do they know of London who only Knightsbridge know? At any rate, we are extending our knowledge, as we are being driven down by-lanes and purlieus at the instance of the ubiquitous and leisurely road-repairers, who seem to be determined to give us an object-lesson in the noble art of How not to Do It.



### INCURABLE.

*First Rustic.* "WELL, BOR, AN' HOW ARE YE TO-DAY?"

*Second Ditto.* "OH! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO GIT ALONG. I HA' GOT THE RHEUMATIZ IN MY LEFT LEG, AN' A BAD COUGH, AN' I DON'T FARE UP TO MUCH."

*First Ditto.* "AH, BOR, I KNOW WOT'S THE MATTER WI' YEW. ANNO DOMINI—THAT'S WOT BE THE MATTER WI' YEW!"

### THE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION VADE MECUM.

(At the Service of both Moderates and Progressives.)

*Question.* You take an interest in the School-Board election?

*Answer.* Naturally, as the amount of our rates depends upon its result.

*Q.* You are in favour of maintaining the efficiency of the teachers?

*A.* Yes; if it can be accomplished without sacrificing the interest of our pockets.

*Q.* And you would not reduce their number?

*A.* No; if the number could be maintained at less expense.

*Q.* And you would have sufficient school houses?

*A.* Certainly; but not greater expenditure.

*Q.* Are there, in your opinion, too many of these institutions?

*A.* Yes and no. Of course, the supply ought to keep pace with the demand, but then the demand should not be satisfied on a false basis.

*Q.* Is that not a complicated reply?

*A.* It is; but that is no uncommon thing with matters connected with the School Board.

*Q.* Well, is it not possible to make the answer plainer—by example, for instance?

*A.* If there is an increase of seven hundred scholars, it seems extravagant to secure accommodation for seven thousand.

*Q.* But that is not the universal opinion?

*A.* No, it is not; for non-ratepayers have no objection to expenditure to which they do not contribute.

*Q.* I presume that this would be the opinion of the Moderates?

*A.* Yes; but human nature is human nature, and most people like to be charitable when they can display the virtue without cost or inconvenience.

*Q.* And what is your view of the religious difficulty?

*A.* That it is a difficulty, and as such, better avoided.

*Q.* But cannot a compromise be secured acceptable to both Moderates and Progressives?

*A.* Yes, if the principle of Free Trade in commerce is extended to Free Trade in belief.

*Q.* Is not the present contest causing an immense amount of excitement and work?

*A.* It is, amongst women as well as men.

*Q.* Is it not creating a good deal of ill-will?

*A.* Unquestionably, converting neighbours into strangers by the score and the hundred.

*Q.* And whichever side wins, what is the probable result?

*A.* That the School-Board rate of the next three years will be as great as, if not greater than, the three years preceding them.

### DARBY JONES AT MANCHESTER.

HONOURABLE SIR,—We all know Cottonopolis, with its Megatherium red-brick warehouses, and its countless Trolleys filled with those fabrics which are as acceptable to the wily Hindoo as they are to the humble Hottentot.

Ah! Sir, what grief it was to me when I saw my old friend and favourite, the Jersey Man of the Sea relegated to cough-drops and water-gruel, and compelled to forego his Certain Engagement at Liverpool. But such is the way of the Racing World. At one moment the Noble Animal is rushing ahead like a runaway Motor-cab; at another he is as useless as a tricycle which has collided with a Tram-car. But let us to rhyme and reason!—

Despite his weight beware the Count,  
The Saint do not forget, Sir,  
An! it may be the Yankee's mount  
Some Money will upset, Sir,  
But I prefer the Burning Ash,  
Or else the nimble Nun, Sir,  
With Aster Girl to make the dash  
That tells the race is won, Sir.

I beg you to note, honoured Sir, that my exclusive intelligence wired to you from Derby\* should doubly enhance the value at which you estimate services of

Your leal and limber runner-up,  
DARBY JONES.

\* The only communication received from DARBY JONES when at Derby was a request to telegraph him £10. We never telegraph anything except reminders that copy is late, as D. J. well knows.—Ed.

### FALSE FOOTSTEPS.

[The North British Daily Mail states that workmen employed by the Cantonal Council of Vaud have effaced the marks of BONNIVARD's footsteps from the floor of the Castle of Chillon, but that these same footsteps had, according to the surveyor's report, been renewed every few years.]

O BONNIVARD! O BONNIVARD!  
When under lock and key and guard,  
From outer intercourse close barred,  
With ev'ry prospect blurred and marred,  
We thought your boots were passing hard.  
Indeed, they must have had a drill on  
To perforate the stones of Chillon!  
But now the tourist-tip purveyor  
Must yield the feet to the surveyor!

SUGGESTED NAME FOR A MAN OF LETTERS.  
—MR. BERNARD COCK-SHAW.

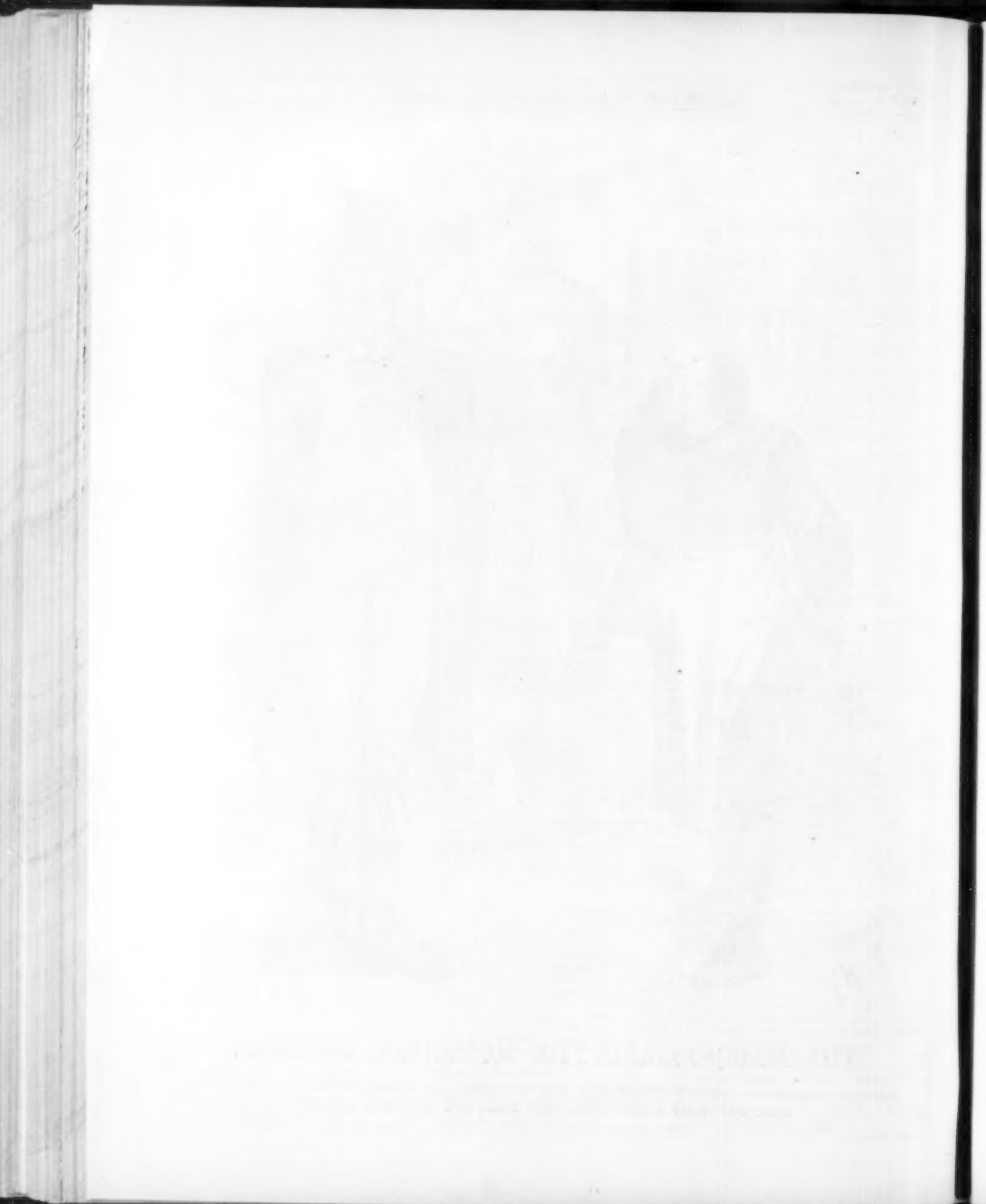




SWAIN & Co

## THE MARQUIS AND THE MUNICIPAL MONSTER.

SALISBURY FRANKENSTEIN. "SORRY I EVER PUT YOU TOGETHER, YOU GREAT HULKING BOOBY! BUT JUST YOU WAIT A BIT. I'LL SOON TAKE YOU TO PIECES AGAIN!"





# TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Passing Cabby. "GUV'NOR, YOUR STYLE'S ALL WERRY NICE IN A FOG, BUT IT'S A NOOSANCE IN TRAFFIC!"

## TOBY, M.P.'S. PARLIAMENTARY GUIDE.

### IV.

**Going into Committee of Supply.**—The slang Parliamentary term for going to dinner.

**Laying Papers.**—A Minister who knows his place and respects it, never promises (or declines) to lay papers "on the Table of the House." He always says he will (or will not) "lay Papers"—as if they were eggs.



Eyes to the Right, Nose to the Left.

**Eyes to the Right, Nose to the Left.**—As soon as the House is cleared for a division, the new Member will hear the Speaker issuing this injunction. It seems on the face of it difficult, and, as tending to sound legislation and good government, superfluous. But a little steady practice before a good glass will soon place the new Member on a footing of equality with old

staggers, who instinctively perform the facial contortion as they rise to go out to a division.

**Reading a Bill a Third Time.**—The House, more especially towards the end of a Session, grows a-weary, and is anxious chiefly to shorten proceedings, so that it may get off for the holidays. Hence it comes to pass that comparatively few Bills are read a third time. As the reader of the Parliamentary report knows, when August 12 approaches, they are thrown out wholesale. Of course, when anyone has read a literary work twice, it must be very attractive indeed to make him desire to read it a third time. It is on record that a lady read *Clarissa* a fourth time. At least, so she (Miss MARGARET COLLIER) assured RICHARDSON in a letter included in the author's published correspondence. But the lady has since died.

The moral for the young Member is to spare no pains to make his Bill attractive. Style, deftness of construction, interest of plot, are each and all desirable to this end. Failing capacity in this direction, a few stories included in the Schedule of the Bill have a good effect. But they must not be risqués.

**The Twelve o'Clock Rule.**—As a rule, at 12 o'clock p.m., it is midnight. This is, indeed, a rule without exception. Hence the Twelve o'Clock Rule.

**The Orders of the Day.**—Obscurity about the real meaning of this phrase arises from debased orthography. In the journals of the House *tempo* the Long Parliament, it

will be found correctly spelled. The Orders of the Day. Tunis was at that time an important State, and the reigning Dey endeavoured to ingratiate himself by lavish distribution of Orders—for the theatre, for the Zoological Gardens on Sundays, occasionally for light refreshments.

It will be observed that in modern times the Sultan has attempted to revive the



"The Orders of the Day."

custom. But no one except SHLOMO seems to care to take his Orders.

## At the Board-School Lecture.

**Professor McCrobe.** And now, where do you suppose germs are originated? *Overmart Lad* (promptly). In Germany, Sir! [Laughter, cheers and—tears.





### READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!

MR. JUSTICE D-RL-NG OF DEPTFORD.

*Arms*: Quarterly; 1st, on a bench tory under a chapeau-de-soie glossy a mannikin caustic and mordant in retort; 2nd, a ground-plan proper of guidance of the royal courts of justice (enabling a complete stranger to find his way proper to his own court); 3rd, a fountain of honour spotted and displayed proper on the hop; 4th, on a ground shady to the last several old hands barry passed over rampant. *Crest*: A legal spark (or "scintilla juris") dapper in his glory elevated ermine. *Supporters*: Dexter, the junior b'ar wigged and g-woned rampant in frenzy; sinister, the senior b'ar similarly enfurriated arrayed silk for difference.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* (SMITH, ELDER) make a good book spoiled for lack of good editing. If it had been one volume instead of two, it would have been a delightful possession. As it is, my Baronite finds, in a sentence in which Mrs. BROWNING gave her opinion upon *Mary Barton*, an accurate judgment of the work. "There is power and truth," Mrs. BROWNING, in critical mood, wrote about this forgotten novel, "but I wish half the book away, it is so tedious every now and then." Mr. KENTON's devotion to the subject of his work has fatally marred its execution. He shovels in every scrap of correspondence sanctified by his idol's signature. This is bad enough to begin with, but when the baby is born, the condition of the conscientious reader becomes hopeless. *Penini*, the pet name of this phenomenon, from the day of his birth to the close of the last volume, appears on nearly every page. How he looked, what he ate, what he said, and what other people said of him—all set forth in pitiless detail. This is sad, but if the reader skips many of the letters at the opening of the first volume and dodges *Penini* throughout the second, he will find his reward. Mrs. BROWNING's prose is even better than her poetry. She can picture an Alpine scene, and describe a man or woman in a single flashing sentence. The rare beauty of her character is disclosed in her bearing toward a father who, if there be such a thing as transmigration of souls, is at this moment capering round somewhere in his proper shape as a mule. He deliberately did his brutal worst to wreck his gifted daughter's life. For him through it all she breathes no word save of almost passionate affection. As a proof of Mrs. BROWNING's sound judgment, this extract from a letter dated October 5, 1844, will serve: "Do you take in *Punch*? If not, you ought. Mr. KENTON and I agreed the other day that we

### THE MISSING METEORS

*Which failed to put in an appearance on Nov. 15.*

ON Sunday night with wakeful eye  
And upturned gaze I swept the sky;  
I waited up till nearly two,  
Until my nose and all was blue!

Astronomers had prophesied  
They would a wondrous sight provide;  
They advertised in *Star* and *Sun*,  
That, if we looked, we'd see some fun.

They wrote, those learned men, a lot  
About a certain radiant spot  
In Leo, where the Leonids  
Come from—we took it in like kids!

They told us that the meteor-train  
Was booked to strike the earth again:  
In '66 'twas going strong,  
Three million miles and more 'twas long.

But on the sky-line all I viewed  
Was two tom-cats in deadly feud;  
I saw no fire-ball, but they got  
A makeshift missile pretty hot!

The net result is, we were sold,  
And I've a most emphatic cold;  
Next year the sky may blaze o'erhead—  
I'll comfortably snooze in bed!

### In the Midlands.

*Belated Hunting Man (to Native)*. Can you kindly point out the way to the "Fox and Cock Inn"?

*Native*. D'ye mean the "Barber's Arms"?

*B. H. M.* No, the "Fox and Cock"!

*Native*. Well, that's what we call the "Barber's Arms."

*B. H. M.* Why so?

*Native (with a hoarse laugh)*. Well, ain't the "Fox and Cock" the same as the "Brush and Comb"?

[*Vanishes into the gloaming, leaving the B. H. M. muttering those words which are not associated with benediction, while he wearily passes on his way.*]

should be more willing to take our politics from *Punch* than from any other of the newspaper oracles."

CASSELL & Co. in their publication, *The Magazine of Art*, present one of the most interesting gift-books of the year. The same firm insinuatingly leads the little ones into *Micky Mage's Menagerie*, by S. H. HAMER, comically illustrated by HARRY NEILSON, a wonderland that never fails to captivate the fancy of the very youthful student of unnatural history.

*The Story of Edison*, by FRANK MUNDELL (JARROLD AND SONS), tells in chatty style how this brilliant genius from a simple paper-boy on an American train became the greatest scientific discoverer—our modern edition of *Aladdin* and his wonderful electric-light lamp.

A delightful continuation of his Roman Series is *The Corleone* (MACMILLAN & Co.), by Mr. MARION CRAWFORD. The reader's interest in the story, roused at the commencement, grows in intensity as the plot is artistically developed to its climax. Mr. CRAWFORD's pictures of Italian scenery are perfect, and his characters, belonging to the Roman Society, with which he has familiarised us in so many of his books, are living beings before our eyes.

The Baron, after reading *The Plattner Story*, and others (METHUEN & Co.), by H. G. WELLS, cannot conscientiously, and he is either conscientious or nothing, even if not much at that, advise his friends "to let WELLS alone." Very much the contrary, let them go to the Wells and draw thence a sparkling supply of amusement. The author who can provide us with short stories of genuine humour comes as a boon and a blessing to hard-working men, who have not time to sit down to the absorbing novel in one, two, or three volumes.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



HOPELESS.

Sir Charles. "NOT UNDERSTAND THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CONVEX AND CONCAVE? I WILL TRY AND EXPLAIN. CONVEX IS LIKE THE OUTSIDE CURVE OF AN UMBRELLA OPENED. THE INSIDE VIEW WOULD BE CONCAVE."  
Aline. "I SEE. BUT HOW WOULD THAT BE WITH A PARASOL?"

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

NO. IV.—TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

SIR,—I notice that in the Empire which you attempt to govern with much bombast and lack of discretion the crime of *lèse-majesté* has of late assumed a considerable prominence. Careful and cunning journalists have found that it is useless to wrap up distant allusions to your Imperial aberrations in a historical essay on the aberrations of CALIGULA, the megalomaniac; while politicians who imagined that their position secured them from attack discovered too late, when they languished in a dungeon, that the *regis voluntas*, which is in Germany the *suprema lex*, had arbitrarily ordained their punishment for offences due to your own imperial perversity. Well, Sir, I am about, I suppose, to commit *lèse-majesté* to a large extent; but as I run no risk of suffering, I am not inclined to consider myself on that account as a specially daring man. Still, it is well that somewhere, if not in the journals of your own land, you should be able to see yourself as others see you, to digest in the privacy of your own chamber, without any disturbing thoughts of a possible prosecution, the candid views of an impartial looker on. This privilege I propose to afford you.

Sir, you are no longer a young man. Time, the arch tyrant, deals capriciously with his subjects. To some it is permitted to retain far into middle age the *insignia* of slim and joyous youth. To others are awarded the marks of age long before they begin in reality to slide down the hill of life. You have, I admit, fared not otherwise than well at his hands. For a long period you have been able, by means of tight tunics and a marble expression of face, to defy the inroads of the enemy, and those who saw you prance and bound, and heard you shout and bluster, who watched your astounding feats on the telegraph, and, if they honoured your name and rank, were forced to tremble when they considered

the next place of your breaking out, were able at any rate to excuse you to themselves and the world at large on the ground that you were a mere boy. But all that is now past. We have all seen your latest photograph: it was reproduced in our own picture-papers in all its rotund and sporting splendour. There, posed at the side of the kind, grey Emperor of Austria, we saw you, no longer slim, no longer youthful, but adipose and puffy and protuberant, girthed round as to your middle with a hunting-belt that only served to make two prominences where one had sufficed, and wearing on your head a hat that suited strangely with the un-Tyrolean aspect of your countenance and your figure. It was the picture of one who has liked himself and his food too much for too many years. It was emphatically *not* the picture of a youth.

Such a vision, Sir, makes a change in one's views. Formerly I imagined that throughout Germany, and from time to time in Russia, Austria, or in Italy, an imperial but soaringly human boy was lifting his glass and crying, "*Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!*" amid the clatter of swords and the admiring shouts of a profusely-decorated soldiery. Now I know that a stout gentleman is doing these things, and reducing his hearers to an abyss of melancholy at his diabolical failure in dignity. A boy who played fantastic tricks with the telegraph-wires incurred but a mild censure. What shall be said of a middle-aged and pompous party whose pleasure it is to play practical jokes that set two nations by the ears?

Yours is a great inheritance, greatly won by heroic deeds. Your people are by nature the mildest and most loyal, and by tradition and education the most thoughtful, in Europe. But mild and loyal as they are their minds must rise in revolt against a sovereign who reproduces in the crudest form the stale theories of divine right and arbitrary government, whose one notion of administration is to increase his stupendous military forces by



## A DOUBTFUL DIANA.

*The Master.* "DOES THAT NEW HORSE JUMP, MISS NERVES?"

*Miss Nerves.* "THEY SAY NOT. BUT I AM AFRAID HE MAY!"

taxation while diminishing the number of his reasonable critics by imprisonment. You have travelled, cocked hat in hand, to capital after capital, you have dismissed BISMARCK, you have made yourself into the tin god of a great monarchy, you have shouted, reviewed, toasted, speechified, you have donned a thousand different uniforms, you have dabbled in the drama, you have been assisted in the design of allegorical cartoons, you have composed hymns to *Egip*, and Heaven knows how many others—and to-day the result of all your restless and misdirected energies is that you have added not only to your army but also to the foreign ill-wishers of your country and to her internal distractions. And at this moment, in spite of the millions of men and money that go to form her army, Germany is weaker than she has been at any moment since the Empire was proclaimed at Versailles. This feat, Sir, you have accomplished, and such credit as attaches to it is yours alone. Where and how do you propose to end?

Yours as sincerely as may be, THE VAGRANT.

## CALLS TO ARMS.

(Latest Collection of Opinions)

*Address—Army and Navy Club.*—Of course revive the Militia ballot. Never ought to have been allowed to drop. Good provision for the service, Sir. As for the volunteers—pooh, Sir, pooh! Army ought to be six times as large. Then I and my contemporaries might have a look in. What's the use of a lot of Johnnies of fifteen, and generals of fifty. Want the seasoned article, Sir, want the seasoned article.—MAJOR—AGED SIXTY.

*Address—Minerva Villa, Clapham.*—Quite another opening for women. Soldiers could be easily replaced by Amazons. It has been done before. Even the uniform might be modified to allow of the divided skirt and other improvements. And as to campaigning, that might be as easily managed as a game of chess. Only have to settle rules of the game. Cavalry retire on approach of artillery and that kind of thing. Certainly the army would be a splendid opening for women—if they would do away with the fighting.—SPINSTER.

*Address—Portsmouth.*—Why not leave matters as they are? Thin red line and that sort of thing. Of course, the fleet will keep off the enemy. If it doesn't, why, the sooner it's over the better. Army fine service, but it's no use increasing it indefinitely. The navy is the thing, Sir. There's nothing like iron.

ADMIRAL.

*Address—Upper Middlesington Road, Tooting.*—Of course, patriotism is all very well, but how about the rates and taxes? All nonsense about payment for insurance. Of course, if there were an invasion, the nation would rise like one man. Have done it before, would do it again. So it's folly to talk about increasing the Army Estimates. Can't really afford it—can't really afford it.

PATERFAMILIAS.

*Address—85, Fleet Street.*—Enough talk. Action is wanted. Delay is dangerous. British Empire can't stand still when the rest of the world is moving. The order of the day is "Forward!"—not "As you were!" Entire British race, "Attention!"

PUNCH.

ANOTHER BIT OF MR. PUNCH'S UP-TO-DATE ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO GET MARRIED.—Do! And do as everyone does nowadays. Send out invitations from 3 to 4.30. Ask everybody you have ever known. Collar tons of presents, and in return for their charity, give your generous guests—biscuits, bread-and-butter, and (if you wish to be extra liberal) mustard-and-cress sandwiches, washed down by tea, coffee, and a little light '97 champagne, to be kept in background by a few well-dressed hired waiters who know their business.

MEM. FROM THE MONEY MARKET.—*First Needy Capitalist.* Klondyke is a real Tom Tiddler's ground! *Unscrupulous Victim.* Well, I hope that you gentlemen have made your fortunes. *First N. C.* Not exactly. You see, the journeys to and fro eat up all our capital for the time being. Eh, boys? (*Murmurs of approval from the Second and Third N. C.'s, during which the Unscrupulous arts the host.*)





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